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# The Kenyon Collegian.

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## EDITORS.

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## HUGH MILLER AND THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION.

WE sat down to the perusal of Hugh Miller's last work, anticipating a rich treat. His previous publications and peculiar history had given him an almost unrivalled and a world-wide celebrity. Unknown and unaided, the Cromarty Stonemason had stepped at once from the quarry and workshop to the highest rank of science and authorship. As an accurate and thorough student of the Geology of his native island, he had no living equal. As a writer, few have surpassed him in vividness of description, and in vigor and eloquence of style. Dr. Buckland once said he would give his left hand to possess such powers of description. His works and personal history are witnesses of the greatness of his mind. His learning was extensive and profound, his perception accurate and clear, his judgment sound and comprehensive, his taste pure, and his imagination bold and brilliant. In all his works, he had written for the general reader rather than for the man of science. Nor had he contented himself with merely recording facts. They were uniformly made the basis of theories respecting the pre-adamite history of our planet, and endeavors to

reconcile its two existing records—the Mosaic and the Geological. These theories all bear the stamp of their author's fresh originality and comprehensive grasp of mind, and are maintained with his own peculiar felicity of style and power of argument. Occasionally, it is true, a favorite idea is carried so far towards the confines of the fanciful and the absurd, as to bring upon him the condemnation of less enthusiastic, though equally able reasoners and better theologians. In the main, however, all his previous works cannot but be considered as valuable contributions to Natural Science, to Theological Truth, and to Literature.

It was to be expected, therefore, that his last work, enriched with the ripened fruits of his long and laborious investigations, and adorned by his matured powers of thought and language, would prove his master-piece. But not so. Although it contains much that is valuable and interesting as well to the scientific as the general reader, the main object of the work is the establishment of a theory which, at best, is extremely improbable; and although several attempts have been made, has never been satisfactorily shown to accord with geological facts. In the earlier and more imperfect stages of the science, it had many able advocates, but is now almost entirely abandoned. Many of Mr. Miller's statements are most palpably false and contradictory, his argument often labored and specious, and his perversions of Scripture language positively startling. These are bold accusations to make against one who has so long and deservedly been considered a reliable man of science and a staunch supporter of Evangelical Religion. But we have stated nothing which we are not prepared to point out and prove to the complete satisfaction of every candid reader. Were it not that several of these lectures were prepared and publicly delivered several years before, it would be difficult to escape the conviction, that this departure from sound theory and truthful statement, was the result of that gradual dissolution of his over-worked intellect, which led to his tragical end. But we must hasten to an examination of the book itself.

The Testimony of the Rocks consists of twelve lectures, ten of which were read at different times before scientific or popular audiences. The remaining two "were written mainly

to complete and impart a character of unity to the volume ;" the great object of which is to advocate "that scheme of reconciliation between the Geologic and Mosaic Records which accepts the six days of creation as vastly extended periods." This theory has long ago been scouted and shown to be untenable, by such men as Buckland, Chalmers, J. Pye Smith, and Hitchcock. Mr. Miller, however, has attempted to establish it—how unsuccessfully, we shall endeavor to show.

In his third lecture, (in which the "scheme of reconciliation" is first introduced,) he comes before his audience disclaiming any pretension to philological learning, but taking the plain meaning of the Scripture Record, in which he finds conclusive proof that the six days were lengthened periods. The passage which alone he refers to, as affording this proof, is Gen. ii. 4: "These are the generations of the heavens and the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens." He does not quote the passage, for that might have weakened his argument somewhat. When figurative language is employed, it can always be recognized by the form of expression or the context. If it were not so, how should we ever distinguish between the two? Now the word "day," in this passage, referring to the six days taken together, is obviously figurative, and in the account of the six days of creation, just as obviously literal. Mr. Miller, then, reasons thus:—since the term is figurative in the one passage, it is so likewise in the other!—an argument as illogical as its conclusion is erroneous. Let any one read the first chapter of Genesis without prejudice, and his conviction must inevitably be, that every sentence and expression is strictly literal—that the six days are not "lengthened periods," but actual days of twenty-four hours each. If it were not so, why, at the close of the narration of each day's creative work, does the inspired historian reiterate the words—"And the evening and the morning were the first, second, third, &c., day"? Still, the theory has been supported by many theologians as well as geologists, of great ability, and we shall not introduce a full discussion of it here—our object being merely to show how unsuccessfully Mr. Miller has attempted to establish it.

Let us now see how he makes Geological fact and Divine

Revelation accord with his theory. In the first place, as the basis of his train of argument, he supposes that the sacred historian, in describing the work of creation, selected only the most prominent and striking peculiarities; so that any minor discrepancies between the two "records" may be safely disregarded. Of the six periods, then, he "finds himself called on, as a geologist, to account for but three,"—"of the period during which light was created, of the period during which a firmament was made to separate the waters from the waters, and of the period during which the heavenly bodies became visible from the earth's surface," we cannot of course expect to find any record in the rocks. The remaining three, being, according to our author's statement, "the period of plants, the period of great sea monsters *and creeping things*, and the period of cattle and beasts of the earth," must be shown to correspond with Geological facts. "All geologists," he proceeds to say, "agree in holding that the vast geological scale naturally divides into three great parts," namely, the Palaeozoic, the Secondary, and the Tertiary,—the characteristic types of life in each being totally different from those of all the others. Here, then, we have three periods in each of the "records," which must be made to agree. The first, or Palaeozoic division, must of course correspond with the period of plants of the Scripture account; and Mr. Miller accordingly finds "the geologic evidence so complete as to be patent to all, that this was peculiarly a period of herbs and trees, yielding fruit after their kind;" and truly, if eloquent description could be made to answer the purpose of sound argument and candid statement of facts, he has proved his point most conclusively.

Let us examine the evidence which he finds so complete. The Palaeozoic division, according to the most extensively adopted classification, contains a number of subdivisions:—Silurian, Old Red Sandstone, Carboniferous and Permian, each an entirely distinct formation, both as respects its mineralogical character and the fossil remains it envelopes. The lower, or Silurian, consists chiefly of lime-stone, containing immense numbers of zoophytes, corals and shell-fish, trilobites, a few fishes, and a low order of vegetable forms. The Old Red is chiefly sandstone and slate, and its fossil remains fishes, reptiles, batrachians, and a few imperfectly developed

plants. The Carboniferous, of interstratified deposits of sandstone, limestone, and coal, which, besides its vast beds of vegetable remains, contains also fishes, insects, scorpions, and fresh water shells. These formations collectively average in thickness, as nearly as ascertained, about 45,000 to 55,000 feet, of which but a small proportion, according to various estimates, from 2,100 to 13,500 feet, belongs to the Coal Measures. But our author entirely overlooks the countless ages which must have elapsed *before* the period of plants, during which the Silurian rocks, miles in thickness, often composed almost entirely of marine shells, were slowly deposited at the bottom of the primeval ocean—and the myriads of huge sharks and saurians and giant fishes, whose remains lie thickly heaped together, in layers hundreds of feet in depth, imbedded in the Old Red Sandstone, which he has himself so graphically described in a former work—and considers “the evidence so complete as to be patent to all,” that this whole grand division of the “vast geological scale,” was peculiarly a period of herbs and trees. In truth, a most unfair and sophistical generalization! Is it in the least degree probable that the sacred historian would have neglected to mention so important an event as the first creation of animal life? Or is it likely, upon Mr. Miller’s own system of interpretation, that while selecting the most important peculiarities of the period, he would have passed over in silence its profusion of animated forms, and characterized the whole period as one of trees and herbs—which, at best, as constituting a peculiar feature, occupy but a very small proportion of the whole division.

Again, Moses makes especial mention of “the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself.” But trees of this kind do not appear until the historic period, or at the earliest, in the Tertiary. So that here again, the “scheme of reconciliation” is at fault.

On the fifth day of creation, according to Scripture, which Mr. Miller places opposite the middle or Secondary Geologic division, were created “every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind.” According to our author’s system, the leading peculiarities of this period would be its birds

and its marine animals. But because he finds it necessary, in order to make the two "records" correspond, he characterizes it as a period of *Reptiles*, "both in the water *and on the land*,"—ignoring entirely the fact that the expression in Genesis includes *all* the inhabitants of the waters—fishes, crustaceans, shell fish, &c., as well as marine reptiles; and also that birds occupy by no means a prominent place in the fossil remains of this division—only a few tracks and an occasional bone having been found in it—while the Scripture account assigns them a place of at least equal importance with that of the moving creatures of the sea. Furthermore, he makes a gross misrepresentation of the Scripture text, which says *nothing whatever* of "moving creatures on the land." It is distinctly restricted to "living creatures which the *waters* brought forth." Still further, there is not the slightest evidence in the Scripture account that creeping things or reptiles made their appearance at all on the fifth day; and it becomes certain that they did not, when we observe that they are distinctly enumerated as a part of the Creator's work on the *sixth* day. So that the leading class of this geologic division actually *had no place at all* in the corresponding Mosaic day!

The chief characteristic of the third and last of the great geologic periods, he finds, was its huge mammals—its cattle and beasts of the earth—while "its reptiles occupy a very subordinate place." The verse in Genesis (ii. 25), reads thus: "And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and *everything that creepeth upon the earth* after his kind." Reading this in connection with the 20th and 21st verses, we see that reptiles are *not so much as mentioned* as a part of the fifth day's work, while they are distinctly given a place of equal prominence with the "beasts of the earth" on the sixth. Yet Mr. Miller does not hesitate to make reptiles the leading feature of the fifth Mosaic period, and to assign them a very subordinate place on the sixth. But finding that the Secondary geologic period was "pre-eminently one of huge creeping things," it was necessary, according to his scheme, to assign them their place on the fifth day, and it would not do, of course, to have them come creeping in on the sixth.

Thus deliberately and unscrupulously has our author perverted Scripture and falsely stated fact. Any ordinary reader

can see, that the division of the work of creation in the Scripture account, is distinctly stated and perfectly natural—on the third day, vegetable life; on the fifth, the inhabitants of the sea and of the air; and on the sixth, those of the land.

And here another difficulty presents itself. Between the periods of plants and that of reptiles and birds, comes the period during which "the heavenly bodies became visible from the earth's surface." Now, there is no evidence in the rocks of such a hiatus. On the contrary, it tends to prove that animal life has existed from its very first appearance without entire interruption, and that there has been no considerable period which did not see the creation, at successive intervals, of additional forms. And even Mr. Miller would hardly have the boldness to maintain that all geological agencies were suspended during this protracted period. Still, he finds an easy escape from this difficulty by taking a piece from the top of the first and the bottom of the second geological divisions, and putting them together to make up the deficiency! Certainly a most unwarrantable proceeding, especially as he has laid down as the very foundation of his theory, that the "geological scale naturally divides into *three* great parts," the leading peculiarities of each being totally different from those of both the others.

Our limits forbid further examination of particulars. Nor would we include the whole book in one sweeping condemnation. The chapters on the Palaeontological history of Plants and of Animals, and the Fossil Flora of Scotland, contain much valuable information, and those on the Mosaic vision of Creation, and Geology in its bearings on the two Theologies, some grand and striking ideas. As a whole, we think that the work—the last we shall ever have from his pen—will add but little to his already great and well deserved reputation. Popular expectation had been raised to an inordinate height, and a general disappointment was the natural consequence. To those who peruse it with a previous knowledge of the facts involved, or will take the trouble to examine for themselves, and can escape the fascination of his matchless style, it presents a sad example of the length to which a naturally upright and even pious mind may be induced to go in deception and sophistry, in the endeavor to maintain a favorite though fallacious theory.



## THE NUN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

In the silent convent garden  
 Walked a pallid lonely maiden,  
 Her eyelids heavy laden  
 With tears of tender love.  
 While with lustre dim and holy,  
 Shone the pale moon from above.

"Oh, 'tis well for me, poor maiden,  
 That my loved one is departed !  
 And now, though broken-hearted,  
 I may return his love ;  
 For I know he is an angel ;  
 And angels I may love."

She went with grief o'erladen,  
 With trembling footsteps slowly,  
 To MARY's image holy,  
 Which stood in lustre mild,  
 And with motherly affection,  
 Upon the pure one smiled.

At its feet, in sweet devotion,  
 With heavenly peace reposing,  
 And her eyelids gently closing,  
 She sank upon the stone :  
 While her veil waved slowly downward  
 O'er the pure departed one.

## MODERN PILGRIMS.

## I.

"O TERQUE QUATERQUE BEATUS!"

To stand at last upon the spot sacred to all true and faithful Kenyonians,—to climb the dizzy heights of the Eagle's Nest, and gaze far down into the dark unfathomable depths at my feet,—to grope my way through the shadowy chambers of the Cave, and *feel* the solemn stillness which hovers around that awful abode of mystery,—and again, to listen to the wild music of the Cascade, and to lave my brow and throbbing temples in the spray of the falling water,—this, all this, I whispered to myself, will abundantly compensate the sacrifice

of ease and comfort at home; aye, will *more* than repay the toil and difficulty and danger of the long and wearisome journey to Millwood.

Again and again, strange stories concerning the Caves had been borne to my ears, and the one darling wish of my heart was to see for myself whether those tidings from this far off land were indeed true. Even when but a Freshman, my mind would sometimes wander from the well-thumbed page of Livy or Homer, and indulge in fanciful revelings among the rocky glens and mystic grottoes through which the serpent-like Koking holds its dark and silent course.

And to-morrow, yes to-morrow, I said, I am to see my desires accomplished; to-morrow I am to stand in the Eagle's Nest.

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## II.

### THE JOURNEY.

The company to which I had been invited to attach myself, numbered, in all, something less than one hundred persons, most of whom were already assembled when I arrived at the appointed rendezvous. There were enthusiastic students, now set free for awhile from the restraints of term-time, sober looking citizens who seemed profoundly meditative upon some subject connected with our present undertaking, and delicate ladies, whom nothing but the noblest heroism could have induced to attempt the hazardous expedition upon which we were about to set out.

The hour of 8 A. M., found nearly all the Pilgrims started upon their journey. The wagon which contained the little company with which I was more immediately connected, was the last to leave the Hill. It was not until all our companions had gone,—and then not without a sigh which the assumed mirthfulness and gaiety could not repress—that we drove slowly through the western gate of the Park. An hour later, from the summit of the mountain beyond the river, we turned our faces once again, and for the last time, towards Gambier, and spoke sadly and regretfully of those whom we had left behind.

While passing the first Ford, our guide told us of a melan-

choly catastrophe of which it was the scene. It seems that a few years ago, one of the "sprigs of Divinity" from the Seminary started on a sort of missionary tour through the regions which lie to the westward of Gambier. There had been heavy rains, and the river had risen to an astonishing height. But our young Theolog. was too busy with his own thoughts to notice this fact, and greatly to the wonderment of some of the "natives" upon the opposite shore, he boldly and without a moment's pause, drove into the foaming flood. Higher and higher rose the water, until the carriage was completely submerged. A carpet-bag, well filled with changes of linen and manuscript sermons, which had been resting snugly at his feet, now floated majestically off and down the stream. Appalled at the thought of losing his whole stock of linen and his sermons over which he had spent so many midnight hours of toil and study, the young missionary gave a despairing shriek and sprang into the water after his property. After floundering about for a few minutes, he was rescued from the whirling waters by the before-mentioned natives. The carpet-bag was fished out some miles below, but the missionary enterprise was brought to an immediate "discontinuation."

The patient endurance of the ladies under the merciless jolting of the wagons over the rough roads was such as to excite the warmest admiration. But at length the exposure proved too severe for the frail and delicate house-plants. We had halted to rest at a mountain spring, having completed the first half of our journey, when one of them, Miss L——, complained of feeling sick and faint. Thanks to the kind forethought of friends at home, a large jar of pickles had been placed in our basket of stores. Two or three of these refreshing articles were administered without delay, and in an incredibly short time we had the satisfaction of seeing the cheek of our fair patient tinged once more with the roseate hue of health.

And now the spires and minarets of Millwood began to appear in the distance. The sight was re-invigorating. "We are almost there!" whispered one of our gentle companions. Either the soft and musical cadence with which the words were uttered, or else the sight of the great forest rising like a dark shadow before us, prompted the Artist, who was one of our company, to attempt a rhyme:—

“‘We’re almost there!’  
Said a lady fair,  
With sparkling eye  
And golden hair.”

The young lady well nigh swooned, and we all felt no small degree of astonishment, for the Artist is a sober-minded individual, and not much given to trifling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Half an hour later, we entered the sacred grove, and with emotions of delight unspeakable, alighted near the Indian Staircase.

### III.

#### THE SHRINE OF THE PILGRIMS.

With careful steps and slow, having descended the narrow footpath, the first objects which met our gaze were a number of our pilgrim-company keeping guard, apparently, over a huge array of ominous-looking baskets and packages, piled up beneath the over-hanging rocks. Having exchanged a hasty salutation with these our friends, we hurried across a gently undulating plain towards the spot where, as the confused roar of falling water told us, was situated the cascade. It was distant but a few rods, and soon we were standing upon the rocks below the falls, hushed and awe-struck by the incomparable sublimity of the place. As I gazed upon the whirling mass of water, and saw the curious and fantastic figures which the sunbeams painted upon the rising spray, and felt the mysterious influence of the scenery stealing over me, Tom Moore’s beautiful lines flashed across my mind:

“O for some fair FORMOSA, such as he,  
The young Jew fabled of, in th’ Indian Sea,  
By nothing, but its name of Beauty, known,  
And which Queen Fancy might make all her own,  
Her fairy kingdom, \* \* \* \* \*  
And make, at least, one earthly corner fit  
For love to live in, pure and exquisite.”

Ah! I thought, it is clear that Moore never visited the Caves,—never saw the Cascade. Had he done so, instead of those vague longings for “some fair FORMOSA,” he would have given us a description of the actual Formosa itself.

From the Cascade we wended our way along the bluffs above, towards the Cave. The path which we were obliged to follow was a dangerous one, and we were under serious apprehensions lest some of the ladies, in their enthusiastic admiration of the scenery around us, should fall over the precipice and be dashed in pieces in the abyss below. No such accident occurred, however, and in due time we stood upon the summit of the rocks, at the entrance of the Cave. Here the scene which opened upon us was grand beyond description. I had expected to see the whole party, particularly the ladies, loudly eloquent in their exclamations of delight. But no! their feelings were "too deep for utterance." All were silent for some moments. It was the Artist who first spoke. Slowly and deliberately raising both his hands towards the heavens, he exclaimed in a voice whose mingled sublimity and pathos were perfectly overpowering:

"The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round,  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound,  
Through life to dwell delighted here;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found,  
To Nature and to me so dear!"

As he had never before been known to quote Byron, we naturally felt considerable alarm at this outburst, and in order to avoid consequences of a serious nature, it was proposed that we should at once attempt the passage of the Cave. The proposition was agreed to, and we entered the dark and silent cavern. After groping our way for a considerable distance through the gloom, some of the ladies declared themselves quite unable to proceed further. We were not surprised at this, for the Cave is a dreary place, which it is easy for the imagination to fill with terrors. But after squeezing our way through the passage, and emerging once more into the upper light, we felt convinced that it was not from want of courage that they were obliged to stop. For the pass is very narrow indeed.

The path leading to the Eagle's Nest is romantic in the extreme. For some distance the way is through a beautiful

grove, and along the moss-covered bank of the Kokosing. The immediate ascent to the Nest, over crags and around projecting cliffs, is both difficult and dangerous. But the view which the summit commands well repays the toil of the ascent. A landscape of surpassing loveliness stretches away, far as the eye can reach, while from the depths below rises the eternal murmur of the river dashing against its adamantine barriers.

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## IV.

## DINNER.

"Infelix Dido" once gave a grand public dinner to "pius Æneas" and his unfortunate Trojan companions, rescued at last from the dangers of the "briny deep." A mighty glorification, we are told, was made over the "twenty fat oxen" and other substantials, and over the "jars of generous wine and spacious bowls," which the Tyrian queen kindly sent them. Virgil waxes eloquent in his description of the said banquet; and it may be that in the rude age in which he lived the "viands" described were really considered exceedingly tempting. But imagine, if you can, the feelings which would have pervaded the bosom of the simple hearted "man of Mantua," had he been present at the feast of good things which the Pilgrims enjoyed on the eventful day to which my history relates! Without doubt he would have fancied that he had, by some means or other, been transported to "the hillside called Olympus," and that Jupiter, out of a particular affection for him, had graciously permitted him to sit at the tables of the gods, and partake of the "ambrosial food" upon which the immortals subsist. And indeed it would be quite natural for him so to think, for I am very far from believing that Jupiter himself ever tasted better cakes, coffee, sandwiches, "sliced ham," "chipped beef," pies, or pickles, than were provided for us on the occasion in question. It is my own private opinion, moreover, that had the old gentleman once tasted ice-cream, such as that supplied us in abundant quantities, he would for ever afterwards have repudiated "nectar" in disgust.

The banquet was served in a little grove of elms, which

threw their shadows upon a plat covered with a velvety carpet of nature's own providing;—the ladies reclining upon the grass, or on rustic seats, while the gentlemen (some of them) displayed their gallantry in “passing round the cake,” and innumerable *et ceteras*. From the merry peals of laughter which rose on all sides, and the animated conversation which was going on continually in every part of the company, it was easy to perceive that however excellent the dinner might be *per se*, it was none the less “a feast of REASON and a flow of SOUL.”

## V.

## SENTIMENT.

We sat together—Inez and I—upon a moss-covered rock, half-way up the cliffs, which, at a little distance to the south of the Caves, towers high above the river. We had left the gay pilgrim-company in order to enjoy the more quiet, and, to me at least, more agreeable interchange of thought and feeling amid the “lovely liveness” of that enchanting retreat.

The scenery around was such as a painter would love to copy. Above us swayed gently to and fro the overhanging branches of a giant hemlock,—behind and on each side of us were piled great masses of rough and broken rocks,—at our feet rolled the Kokosing, filling the air with its monotonous, yet ever varying murmur, while far, far up towards the regions of the other worlds was the azure deep of the heavens, upon which at irregular intervals, light and fleecy clouds were floating calmly and majestically towards the distant east.

The place, the hour, were suited for the converse of kindred souls. We felt their influence stealing over us. For some time we were eloquently silent, and then Inez spoke. She whispered—and her whisper was gentle as the evening zephyr—that the place was lovely,—that she would like always to stay there among the rocks,—that she would be an “*old maid*,” and have her home in some lone cavern by the side of the river, and would sit there when the moonlight fell upon the waters, and—be happy.

Oh!

I mused for awhile upon the sad lot of

"— poor old widow McCrea,"

and then asked her to sing "Annie Laurie."

"And for bonny Annie Laurie,  
I'd lay me down and dee."

The plaintive echoes died sadly away among the rocks, and I sighed to think that the name of *Inez* could not be substituted for Annie Laurie, without destroying the harmony of the verse. And then we talked of little PAUL and his sister, sitting by the lone sea-side and listening to "what the wild waves were saying." I closed my eyes, and in the murmur of the river I fancied I heard "the many voices of the dark blue sea." Half in a whisper, I said musingly,

"What are the wild waves saying?"

The voice of my gentle companion responded somewhat sadly—

"Echo answers, 'What *are* the wild waves saying?'"

I looked up and gazed into the blue "ocean-eyes" before me, but no "wild waves" were there; all was calm and peaceful and gentle. A book of poetry had, by some means, found its way into our hands, and we proceeded to discuss the contents. We read,

"When other friends are round thee,  
And other hearts are thine," &c.

and pronounced the piece "rather good." Then we turned over the leaves, until our eyes rested upon the lines—

"Dost thou remember that place so lovely,  
A place for lovers, and lovers only?"

We could go no farther. Our feelings were too profoundly solemn for utterance, and in silence we arose and slowly walked towards the spot where we had left our companions. As we neared the noisy company, I grew courageous, and took her hand, whispering, as I did so—

"When other friends are round thee,"—

I had intended to quote very touchingly the whole stanza, but just then Inez gave me a look which hinted that I was about to make myself supremely ridiculous—

And so we parted.



## VI.

## HOMEWARD.

It rained.

Imperceptibly almost the sky had been overcast with clouds, and just as we were about to start on our return, the storm came upon us.

For some time we stood under the shelter of the overhanging rocks, but perceiving no signs of a cessation of the rain, our venerable leader gave the word, and we repaired to our wagons. Our own little company huddled promiscuously close together upon the bottom of the vehicle, and making ourselves as comfortable as possible, we all united in singing "Jordan is a hard road to travel." We were slightly of the opinion that it *was* a hard road to travel. Then we sang "Katy Darling," and "Uncle Ned," and "Hazel Dell," and "Lone Starry Hour," and "Nelly Bly," and "Lilly Dale," and "King Pippin."

By this time the rain had ceased, and we thought we would try some other way of amusing ourselves. Our jolly, good-natured friend from the "Emerald Isle," had brought with him a great quantity of "conversation lozenges," and by means of these we engaged in a silent but pleasant conversation. I asked Miss T——, "Will you give me a kiss?" but was met with the reply, "I never imbibe." This was not very encouraging, so I directed my attention to another lady, whom I modestly asked, "May I propose?" She proved to be a Yankee, and answered my question by asking another, "Do you fancy me?" I eagerly answered in the affirmative, when she gave me permission to propose,—at some far distant and impossible time, however.

Darkness had settled down upon the land when we reached Gambier, and found ourselves once more among our friends. We sang a parting song, and then all said "good bye." As I left my agreeable companions, and thought of the pleasant scenes through which I had lately passed, the "sadly sweet" words of *Æneas* came to my mind—

"HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT."

## THE RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D.

[Continued from page 187.]

In the autumn of this year (1819) a subject which the Bishop had been eleven years endeavoring to forget was revived by letter from New Orleans. The Slave *Jack* (of whom we have already spoken) returned to that city and was taken up as the property of the Bishop, and the Bishop advised that he would bring in market enough to cover, and its interest, the original sum, \$500, which the Bishop out of his hard earnings had paid for him. "The letter," the Bishop informs us, "concluded with congratulations on the occurrence of so fortunate an event." In regard to his views and conduct on this occasion we shall let the Bishop speak for himself:

"This news put a new face on an old picture, every feature of which the writer had been endeavoring to forget for eleven years. And now he had reasons, peculiar to his condition, for dismissing it entirely from his mind; for although his once owning the Slave *Jack*, like that of Philemon and other primitive christians, was the result of providential necessity; and though *Jack*, like Onesimus, might be considered morally bound to return to his master, yet now, under present circumstances, if his master were to reclaim and sell him for money, his whole Diocese would attribute it to a principle of covetousness, the great idol which at the present day all are so much inclined to worship, and thus his usefulness in Ohio would be destroyed for ever. And though this tyrant—the love of money, rules over the hearts of so many, yet all are very jealous of the affections of the clergy in this respect, and fain will starve their bodies to save their souls. The writer saw, or thought he saw, it would be so here; for though his diocese gave him nothing to live on, yet were he to reclaim his servant *Jack*, or even to sue for the money which the New Orleans Church owed him, and which they have since, in 1840, so honorably paid him (\$1,500), all would have fallen on his character without mercy, and he would have labored among them in vain. Therefore, with a full determination to bury the whole matter in oblivion, he wrote to his friends to emancipate his servant *Jack*, and let him go whithersoever he

pleased; that if he would pay his prison fees and other costs of suit, it was all his master wanted.

And why, the reader will ask, has this grave of oblivion been disturbed here? Why not suffer Jack to rest in his quiet bed? The answer is, because there was more in this than appears. Jack becomes hereafter, in this history of the writer's life, an important personage, and proves, however insignificant in himself, to be one instrument among many of the means in the hand of Providence, of rescuing the writer from great distress in London, and, by consequence, of enabling him to found an institution, now the ornament of the West."

In the following year (1820) the Bishop had the great pleasure of the return of his son Philander, who, after his graduation at Harvard University, had, at the special request of Commodore McDonough, accompanied him on a cruise in the *Guerriere*, to the Baltic and Mediterranean Seas, in the position of Teacher and Chaplain. He joined his father in March, 1820, and was admitted by him to Deacon's orders in the following June. He "took charge of the School in Worthington, and greatly assisted his father in his endeavors to instruct the rising generation." Another addition was made this year to the little band of the clergy in Ohio, by the removal from South Carolina of Rev. Thomas Osborne, to the Professorship of Languages in the College at Cincinnati. But while the Bishop was cheered by these accessions, he was greatly depressed at the little effort made by the laity to enable him and the other clergy of the diocese to give themselves wholly to their ministry. His farm yielded him but little, and he was compelled to open a school to eke out a scanty supply of the common necessities of life. In his address to the Convention of the Diocese he urged this matter upon the laity this year, in terms of great earnestness, and with his accustomed impressiveness and power. "I say, therefore," added the Bishop, "and I say it because I am bound to declare the truth as it is in Jesus, that all who hope to be saved by the Gospel, must help to maintain the Gospel. If God has seen fit to establish a church, and constitute its officers, those who receive the benefits thereof must help to maintain it and them, or they must be content to have no part nor lot in the matter. Under

the Mosaic dispensation, God made ample provision for the support of his church; and, under the Gospel dispensation, the nature of the thing remaining the same, the duties required from his people, though the mode of rendering them may be more discretionary, are the same.

[To be Continued.]

### THE DEATHLESS IDEAL.

"Over the grave of the buried Past, let us raise the pure, pale monument of Friendship."

Raise not the marble, pale and cold,  
 O'er the grave of Love, pure, deep, untold;  
 The sunlight may dash it with waves of gold,  
 Yet they chill the heart like an icy fold;  
 And the shadows of night spread a gloomy pall,  
 And the wailing wind seems a spirit's call,  
     As the fitful gleams  
     Of the cold moonbeams  
 Fill the sad heart with ghostly dreams.

In the gathering gloom of the twilight grey,  
 Dark forms are flitting, and sad tones stray  
 From broken harps—as the low winds play  
 O'er their trembling strings—slowly dying away.  
 The withering flowers, all heavy with tears,  
 And fragrant as odors of bye-gone years,  
     Droop their meek heads and sigh  
     As the chill night dews lie  
 Cold on their hearts—they too must die.

Through the long, long night I weep alone,  
 Oh Love! art thou forever gone?  
 Trough the dreary night the breezes moan,  
 My soul's sad echo,—“Forever gone”—  
 And the sweeping surges on Memory's shore,  
 Swell the solemn dirge forevermore,  
     O'er thy grave I weep,  
     Till the Angel of Sleep  
 Folds her weary wing o'er my slumbers deep.

While over the grave a fountain springs,  
 Whose wavelets glisten like angel wings,  
 And its murmuring water ceaselessly sings,  
 With a sound like their soft low whisperings—  
 “Love dieth not, tho' awhile in the dust  
 It sleepeth—and Faith with her holy trust,

From the tear-stained sod,  
Looketh up to her God,  
In the light of his smile passeth under the rod."

As it falls from the urn in tear-dripping spray,  
Through the fleecy clouds the moonbeams stray,  
And the silvery rays o'er the waters play,  
Bright'ning dark waves as they glide away  
Through the covering mould o'er the early dead,  
Laving the form in its clay cold bed ;  
Where changeless and pure—  
Immortality sure,  
Its matchless beauty shall ever endure.

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### PRESENTIMENTS.

Very many well authenticated instances are related, wherein persons, under a mysterious influence, have received an inward warning of impending danger, or other events nearly affecting their personal happiness. It has often happened too, that this sense of danger, this apprehension of approaching change, instead of awakening the mind thoroughly to its situation, has only induced the individual to call in philosophy to the aid of the intellect, and to aim the barbed shaft of ridicule at the mental phantom. But too late in some cases, for the safety of the individual, though soon enough to prove the intuition prophetic, came the nameless dread in some tangible shape, and reason, philosophy and ridicule sank beneath the reality.

It will be at once perceived that the doctrine here broached, is not in the remotest degree connected with that of modern spiritualism. Late investigations into that pretended manifestation, have so entirely exploded all its pretensions to science or truth, as to bring its votaries and itself beneath contempt. While the doctrine for which we are contending has its foundation in the truth of the christian religion ; modern spiritualism can be true, only if christianity is false. We shall not stop now to discuss its claim or examine its positions ; indeed we think the time is past, when either such discussion or examination is needed ; and dismissing it therefore, we shall proceed with the subject under consideration.

That many persons have had presentiments of some immi-

nent danger, some important change, or some impending calamity, is a fact so well established, as to have become one of the universal beliefs of mankind. We intend in the present article to inquire into the origin of these apprehensions, and into the reasons for this popular doctrine.

Whence come these messages to the soul of man? Why is it, that strangers meet and instantly, mutually attract or repel each other? Would it not be well in all cases to listen to the inward monitor the heavenly messenger? But we anticipate.

What spiritual creatures are permitted to walk the earth, is a belief as old as Adam; and amid all the changes of systems and philosophies, of beliefs and doctrines, this has maintained a fast hold upon the popular mind. Few, perhaps, if any, could give a substantial reason for the faith that is in them; but a notion so firmly and so universally implanted in the human mind, must have had a higher than human origin. It must be looked for in the intimate connection existing between the soul and its maker, and in the cousin-germanship of angels and men. It is not a mere rhapsody of the poet, that

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,  
Both when we wake and when we sleep;

and the belief is intuitive, having its foundation in the very soul of man, and the doctrine is clearly taught in the Book of His Wisdom.

Both in the Old and New Testament are many examples of spiritual and angelic interference in the affairs of men; and upon more than one occasion, the doctrine of the visitation of disembodied spirits upon earth, if not directly taught, is at least assented to by Christ himself. Among them we may instance the occasion of our Saviour coming to his disciples walking upon the sea; when it is said that they cried out for fear thinking it had been a spirit. And another memorable occasion was, when after the resurrection, "Jesus himself stood in the midst of them," and in answer to their but natural terror and affright, they *supposing* they had seen a spirit, our Lord saith: "Why are ye troubled? and why do *thoughts* arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." We confess that the several in-

stances in which our Lord tacitly admits the rationality and truth of this universal sentiment, have very great weight upon our mind.

But the doctrine of an angelic concern in the affairs of men is more directly taught by the Apostle, where he says; "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them who shall be heirs of eternal life?" Could any thing be more clearly expressed, and could any one, unless willingly, mistake the teaching? As the angel of the Lord accompanied Balaam, though unseen by him; so, we are convinced, do our guardian angels, all unconscious to ourselves, keep watch and ward over our outgoings and incomings, ready to defend, protect and warn, if we do not, in our blindness, set up cold reason against the intuitive teachings of our spiritual warder. It is a rational and comfortable doctrine, and we think clearly taught in the scriptures; it is a doctrine which should give us a higher opinion of ourselves, and should restrain us from many a wicked action; for though nothing escapes the eye omniscient, may they not be also recording, as well as ministering angels.

We ask then, whence comes, if not thence, that most unaccountable and overwhelming sense of some pending calamity, some important occurrence, some irresistible impulse to do or not to do, a certain action, to go or not to go, to some spot at a time arranged? That many persons have been wrought upon by some inward impulse, as unaccountable as it was powerful, is a fact so well settled, as to be no longer a question in the mind of any man, whose attention has been turned to that point. Is it not true, that we are guided from the cradle to the grave, by the invisible hand of Jehovah, and may not the agent be a ministering spirit, a guardian angel? If the hairs of our head are all numbered, and a sparrow falls not to the ground without the notice of our Father; can we not easily believe that the life and actions of the Lord of creation are so important, that a special guard should be detailed for him? He who could have been attended for the mere asking, with twelve legions of angels, has clearly taught, that the attendance of heavenly Intelligences is possible; and if necessary for the safety and happiness of mankind, we are warranted in believing that it would not be withheld.

## Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

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### COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Though nearly three months have elapsed since this interesting and important event transpired, yet at this late period a passing notice cannot fail to interest many, and may perhaps afford some information to others who are ignorant of its occurrence. The COLLEGIAN, which has found its way to so many friends of our Institution and so many of her sons, always bears with it very pleasing and joyful recollections, among the brightest and happiest of which are those connected with Commencement week. Such might deem it amiss to glance at this our first number and not observe even the slightest mention of a day so important in College history.

It is at this period that there is always an awakening influence exerted throughout the community for the weal of our Institution. The eyes of friends and strangers are turned hither to observe her increasing prospects, and warm hearts beating high with life and vigor here meet to exchange and revive memories darkening in the past. Pilgrims to the shrine of wisdom enter the portals and thread the academic halls. Offspring whom a cherishing mother has long since sent forth into the world now gather beneath the shadows of Kenyon and gaze backwards, over two, three, ten and twenty years, revisit each old familiar haunt, each grove, each walk, each place of recitation, and above all the little room which they perhaps once called home. How faithfully does memory recall every scene, every adventure and every circumstance, once deemed so trivial. The old chapel seems the same familiar place, not a feature indicating decay. The Park is as beautiful as ever, every tree and every branch almost has its own peculiar associations and as these crowd upon them each turns his eye within and lives over again his college days.

But it is not only those who at some time or other had some connection with Kenyon that meet here, but strangers of great merit, men of talent and learning from all parts of the country favor us with their presence at such a time and flock hither to gaze and admire. There is no better criterion of an Institution's advancement and prosperity than that those to whom it is known feel a deep interest in its welfare and are ever ready to respond to



its calls and invitations. That they meet with a hearty response here all who were present can well attest; for there never before seemed to be a greater number of visitors, and as it were, old friends, collected together in Gambier, than there was during the past Commencement week. What could have been the reason? Perhaps Old Kenyon's proud position is felt and realized by the literary world; and a burning desire of curiosity prompted the attendance of such a throng, or it might have been the superiority of the band she was about to send forth, who knows? Yes she may well be proud of her offspring, she may without a shadow of shame boast of her proud position. That she has taken a stand and a very superior one too, a few glances at the pages of her history will silence all denial, even that of a prejudiced mind. But to speak more particularly of Commencement week. The events which called so many hither were fraught with peculiar interest. The season was unusually fine and joyous. Never before had Gambier, and our Park, in particular, seemed so beautiful; while the weather, that indispensable requisite to pleasure and enjoyment, could not have been more desirable. The exercises during the week were varied and more interesting probably on that account. The examinations conducted on the new principle of writing passed off very creditably both to teachers and students; very much to the satisfaction of the latter, by the way. The exercises of the day pending Commencement were peculiarly interesting; combining the laying of the corner stone of Ascension Hall and the annual meeting of the Alumni Association; at which latter quite a large number were in attendance. After the usual business proceedings had been transacted the Association were entertained by an oration and a poem: the former by Rev. Calhoun of Coshocton and the latter by George A. Strong of Cincinnati. Both productions were listened to with marked attention and were pronounced by all present to be exceedingly attractive and interesting.

Never did "Old Sol" throw brighter rays over the face of nature smile with a more ominous look of a beautiful day than he did on the morn of July 1st 1857. Commencement day had at last arrived.

"Ah then and there was hurrying to and fro."

Bustling Seniors with anxiety depicted on every feature might be seen gliding like spectres here and there, hastening to make more haste than necessary through overdrawn anxiety. Juniors masters of ceremony flitting about with as much speed as their

dignified pomposity would permit; and Sophomores endeavoring to assist but only retarding progress, all might be seen in their various bearings as large as life. Truly men are but children of a larger growth. The Freshmen, be it to their honor were the only gentlemen on the occasion. Leisuredly sauntering about with mouth and eyes wide open, (and ears for aught I know,) *a la Hoosier*, they presented a truly astounding spectacle. Every thing was new to them and of course they were excusable. "Every faculty must be in exercise for perfect enjoyment" says the philosopher.

Very early the spectators began to flock Chapel-ward and they found a goodly audience when seated within its spacious walls. At length the procession began to form. The students in regular order according to classes followed by the Clergy, Faculty and by the Bishop of the Diocese, all of whom were duly arranged and being preceeded by the "Kenyon Band," at the word of command the procession started and soon reached Rosse Chapel, when after the usual proceeding of seating, distributing of programmes &c, the great event of the day began with the following

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

"EST QUODAM PRODIRE TENUS, SI NON DATUR ULTRA."

##### MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.

Latin Salutatory,

H. H. DENISON, Keokuk, Iowa.

##### MUSIC.

The Pioneers of Ohio,

B. ANDREWS, Penfield, Ohio.

Intelligence, a National Safeguard,

T. B. BROOKE, Prince Georges Co., Md.

##### MUSIC.

The Results of Intellectual Labor,

W. I. WOLFLEY, Newport, Ky.

Greek Oration, 'Η Σακρατους φιλοσοφία.

J. LEITHEAD, Uniontown, Pa.

##### MUSIC.

No Immortality in Nations,

J. G. LOTHROP, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

##### MUSIC.

The Fate of Reformers,

H. H. DENISON, Keokuk, Iowa.

Law, Human and Divine,

T. H. MACOUGHTRY, Jefferson Co., Va.

##### MUSIC.

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION—The Philoso-

phy of Sympathy,

J. E. HOMANS, New York City.

The Student's Mission,

J. LEITHEAD, Uniontown, Pa.

##### MUSIC.

The Only Foundation of True Content

with VALEDICTORY ADDRESSES,

J. W. McCARTY, Cork, Ireland.

##### MUSIC.

#### DEGREES CONFERRED.

##### MUSIC.

'Tis useless to lengthen out critical comments or discriminating remarks. The several performances were executed with that easy display of oratory acquired by assiduous attention and practice, and all of them were listened to with interest. Their literary character was very high and deserving of great commendation. Every thing was conducted with the best order and decorum and a general sense of pleasure was expressed by all who were in attendance. The music was beyond praise, it deserved something more exalted even than that. The class were very happy indeed in the selection of the "Kenyon Band" for never was better music discoursed than upon this occasion.

The conferring of Degrees and presentation of Diplomas was very impressive. This closed the morning exercises, In the afternoon the audience again assembled and two very able addresses were delivered before the Literary Societies. The Hon. Stanley Matthews of Cincinnati, Ohio, addressed the "Nu Pi Kappa Society" and the Rev. A. N. Littlejohn of New Haven, Ct., the "Philomathesian." Immediately succeeding the orations was the presentation of Society Diplomas; after which George A. Strong of Cincinnati, by particular request read a few extracts from the poem delivered the day preceeding before the Alumni Association, a very fitting entertainment for the close of the day's exercises. The waning rays of the sun warned them the night was fast approaching and that separation must be nigh.

Then all again was bustle and confusion, crowds pouring hither and thither, some to their homes, others to the Library rooms and all where inclination bent. Students who had long enough indulged in visions of home and vacation now strove for the reality, and the cracking of the whips, the rumbling of the wheels and the hurried "good bye" with a lingering look at old Kenyon, the last for ten weeks, all reminded us that Commencement day had closed.

Our best wishes of future success and prosperity are with the class of '57, may they ever be

"Suaviter in Modo, Fortiter in Re."

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#### ASCENSION HALL.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

The greater number of those interested in the affairs of Kenyon are aware that her increasing prosperity has already made it absolutely necessary to provide additional accommodations for Stu-

dents, and more commodious apartments for Recitation Rooms, Libraries, Society Halls, Chapel, &c.

During the past year vigorous efforts have been made to obtain the means requisite for the erection of suitable buildings, with such success as to justify a commencement of the work early in the past summer. One building is now in process of erection, and will supply a part of the wants above enumerated. The new edifice is to be called Ascension Hall, in commemoration of the Church of the Ascension, New York; a large proportion of the funds having been contributed through the influence of its Rector, Rev. Dr. Bedell, and the liberality of a number of its Laymen. Its style of architecture is to be the Elizabethan, resembling Bexley Hall in its exterior plan and general appearance. It is to be built entirely of sand-stone, laid in regular courses, and presenting an entire surface without marks of hammer or chisel, excepting the door-ways, windows, angles and buttresses. It will consist of a centre building and two wings, rising three stories in height above the basement, with a square tower surmounted by turretted battlements over the main entrance. The whole building will be 171 feet in length, and the central portion 33 feet in width, the wings extending sufficiently to admit a window in the transverse wall between the exterior angles and the main building. The basement, besides furnace rooms, will furnish spacious apartments, not yet appropriated to any special purpose. Each of the three stories will contain twelve rooms for students, 12 by 18 feet, and two Recitation rooms 20 by 30 feet in size; the latter entered from a hall passing under the tower through the centre building, and the former from two others in the wings, running at right-angles to the main entrance. Should it be considered desirable, it is contemplated to appropriate the two rooms on either side of the hall in the third story of the main building, to the use of the two Literary Societies, and to furnish and decorate them in suitable style.

The corner-stone of this much needed building was laid on Tuesday, June 30th, the day preceeding last Commencement. A procession composed of the officers of the two Institutions, Clergymen, Alumni, and Undergraduates, formed in front of the College building about 6 o'clock P. M., and marched to the spot selected, where a large number of spectators were already congregated. The ceremonies were commenced with prayer, read by the Bishop of the Diocese, and the responsive reading of the 145th Psalm, after which the assembly united in singing a beautiful and appropriate Hymn, written for the occasion by a graduate of the

College and Theological Seminary. A sealed glass jar containing a number of documents and photographs was then placed in the cavity prepared for it, and the President of the College read a list of its contents which was as follows :

Journal of General Convention for 1856 ; Journal of Diocesan Convention for 1856 ; Last Annual Catalogue for 1856-57 ; Kenyon Collegian for June, 1857 ; Mt. Vernon Democratic Banner, June 30 ; Mt. Vernon Republican, June 30 ; Western Episcopalian, June 26, 1857, containing Bishop McIlvaine's last Annual Address ; Christ our Helper : a Sermon by Rev. N. H. Schenck ; Charge of Bishop McIlvaine on Justification by Faith ; Photographs of Bishop McIlvaine, Rev. Dr. Bedell, Lorin Andrews.

The Stone was then placed over it, and the Bishop striking it three times with a hammer, pronounced the corner-stone laid in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, that upon it might be erected a durable structure for the promotion of Religion and sound Learning. Then, standing upon the wall, he delivered a most beautiful and appropriate address. He spoke of the happiness which all present must feel in witnessing the laying of the corner-stone of another building to be erected in this beautiful grove for such a purpose. He made a beautiful and touching allusion to Bishop Chase, and then briefly adverted to the great objects of these Institutions, namely, the cultivation of Piety and sound Learning. He then spoke of the essential element of education, which is the proper discipline of the mind—not the mere accumulation of knowledge ; as an indispensable means to which, and of equal importance is the study of the Greek and Roman classics, and of Science, Natural, Abstract and Metaphysical. But education is not for time merely, but for eternity. Education in the highest sense, then, is the cultivation of true Religion, without which there can be no true education. At the close of the Bishop's address, the Gloria in Excelsis was sung by the whole assembly, and the ceremony closed by the Bishop with the Benediction.

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In the graduating Class of 1857, the Valedictory was awarded to Mr. JOHN W. McCARTY, of Cork, Ireland ; the Greek Oration to Mr. JOHN LEITHEAD, of Uniontown, Pa. ; the Latin Salutatory to Mr. H. H. DENISON, of Keokuk, Iowa ; and the Philosophical oration to Mr. JAMES E. HOMANS, of New York City.

## KENYON COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Fall Term 1857, begins	September 10th.
“ “ ends	December 17th.
Winter Term 1858, begins	January 2d.
Matriculation Day	Ash Wednesday.
Winter Term 1858, ends	March 25th.
Spring “ “ begins	April 8th.
“ “ “ ends	June 30th.
Commencement,	“ “
Fall Term 1858, begins	September 9th.

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Editors' Table.

A WORD SALUTATORY.—The quill and the scissors—venerated heir-looms in the family of the Type—have come down to us by regular succession; the grand ceremony of installation, in due form and solemn, has taken place, and we stand forth, members of the mystic brotherhood,—EDITORS in truth and verity.

And now, most courteous Reader, we take up our pen to give thee a kindly greeting. As we write, thought goes back to the time—two years ago, almost—when, amid the snows and frosts of January, the COLLEGIAN was quietly ushered into existence. We were only Sophomores then, and knew not what it was to sport a beaver, nor had we so much as begun to cultivate a mustache, but we remember well how the little bantling was received. Rollicking students, brimfull of fun and good nature, almost knocked the breath out of its infantile body by their hearty, Young-America welcome. Grave scholars eyed it askance, as if doubtful whether to be pleased or offended at the unwonted visit. Matronly critics, very grandmothers in literature, smiled somewhat disdainfully at the presumptuous “*DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO*,” and thought, on the whole, that the verdant stranger was a little too precocious, and wouldn't live. But it *did* live, notwithstanding. It was in the hands of men who were determined not to let it perish from want of attention. Under their prudent management, its young infancy, that most critical period of life, was passed in safety. It then passed into other, but none the less attentive hands. At each successive appearance before the public, it seemed to wax more healthful and vigorous. In a word, it prospered exceedingly.

Another change has now taken place in its management. Its history, from this point, is as yet one of the mysteries of the future. Whether the mantle of our illustrious predecessors, which has fallen upon us, has imparted to us any of their virtues, remains to be seen. Our ability to discharge the grave duties which have devolved upon us, is yet to be tested. We are going to “do our endeavor,” at any rate. And if, while under our control, the Magazine—which now certainly can be considered “a fact,” as M. Guizot would

say—becomes more a *fiction* than a living reality, we shall set up the old plea that “our errands were those of ignorance, rather than willful ones.”

But it is not our intention to write our own “Editorial Epitaph” just yet. Our thoughts have been wandering into the future and now we experience a sudden “waking up,”—like that of the youth in Jean Paul’s “Dream of the New Year’s Eve,”—and finding that we have only started on our Editorial career, we are comforted by the reflection that by acting prudently and with all honesty of purpose, it may yet be ours to win.

On Saturday before Commencement, we had the pleasure of attending “The Last Literary Exercise of the Sub-Freshman Class of 1857.” The Programme (a copy of which we are unable to present, for want of space) was well gotten up, comprising Essays, Declamations, Orations, a Colloquy, and a Poem. As to the performances, they were well executed, creditable alike to the young men and the Institution. The Kenyon Band were in attendance, contributing much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

At the close of the Exercises, Mr. Fulwiler, in the name of the Class, with an appropriate address, presented a handsome watch to Prof. Lathrop, as a token of their high esteem. This acknowledgement was quite unexpected by our worthy Professor, who replied with much feeling and eloquence. It cannot but be gratifying to him, to know that he is so successful in winning the affections of his students. In days gone by, we were under his immediate care, and can affirm that they *felt* what they did, that it was no mere outside show.

The audience retired, delighted with the literary treat, which in after days, will be recalled as one among the many bright recollections of Kenyon. The Class of '61, have thus made a good beginning. May they be guided by the sentiment of their motto on the occasion, “*Luceat lux vestra coram hominibus.*”

Those at least of our readers who sympathize with the anti-matrimonial principles of the somewhat famous “*LOST BUTTON SOCIETY*,” which, for aught we know, still has its members among our fellow-students, will appreciate the following expressive stanzas. As a Parody, we think them about the best we have lately seen:—

“Tell me ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot,  
Where women fret no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some “holler” in the ground,  
Where babies never yell,  
And cradles are not found?  
The loud wind blew the snow into my face,  
And snickered, as it answered, ‘Nary place.’

“Tell me thou misty deep,  
Whose billows round me play,  
Knowest thou some favored spot,  
Some island far away,

Where weary man may find  
 A place to smoke in peace,  
 Where crinoline is not,  
 And hoops are out of place ?  
 The loud winds, sounding a perpetual shout,  
 Stopped for awhile, and sputtered, ' *Yeou git out.*'

" And thou serenest moon,  
 That with such holy face,  
 Dost look upon the girls  
 Whan they their beaux embrace,  
 Tell me, in all thy round,  
 Hast thou not seen some spot  
 Where muslin is not found,  
 And calico is not.  
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,  
 And in a voice both sweet and sad, responded, ' *Poh!*'

" Tell me, my secret soul—  
 Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,  
 Is there no resting place  
 From women, girls and death ?  
 Is there no happy spot  
 Where bachelors are blessed,  
 Where females never go,  
 And man may dwell in peace ?  
 Faith, Hope and Love—best boons to mortals given—  
 Waved their bright wings, and answered, ' *Yes, in HEAVEN.*' "

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To the careful consideration of our young friends just entering College, we commend the following lines from the pen of a member of the last Freshman Class, who was so unfortunate as not to "pass" his examinations:—

—, August 14, 1857.

"I have received your letter, and in reply to your inquiries, desire to say that old Kenyon will never again see me under her roof, or within her classic walls, as a Freshman. I have seen enough of a Freshman's life to be satisfied."

\* \* \* \* \*

What a history is contained in these few words! How eloquently do they speak of blighted prospects, crushed hopes, and fond anticipations dashed to earth! or, rather, how eloquently of "foot ball," and "cricket," of "pipes and tobacco,"—with Livy and Legendre far in the background!

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THE dejected and "Do they miss me at home?" appearance of some of those who have just come among us to try their fortunes in the great "College-world," reminds us of the days when we were Freshmen, and had our experience of the pangs of home-sickness. Cheer up, brothers, "there's a good time coming." The prospect of the "*otium cum dignitate*" hereafter to come, should banish from your minds every gloomy foreboding and feeling of loneliness.



**OBITUARY.**—DIED, on the 24th of August, at the residence of his brother, Wm. G. LeDuc, in Hastings, Minnesota, JAMES M. LEDUC, aged 25 years.

Also, in Zanesville, Ohio, August 21st, J. J. M. LIGGETT, aged 21 years.

"The pitcher has been broken at the fountain."

Even a stranger's death darkens our horizon of joy ; but when those we love go hence, it is impossible for worldly vision to see a single glimmering star of Mercy in the blackened sky ; the eye of Faith can alone distinguish the radiant orb of Providence. During vacation, flowers of youthful life have been cut down by that Reaper whose "sickle keen" spares not the blue-eyed violet as it cleaves the drooping stalks of golden wheat—flowers which not long ago, grew luxuriantly in Kenyon's fertile fields, where the sun of Intelligence first developed their beauteous tints. To all who knew JAMES LEDUC, the sad intelligence of his death will come with crushing force—opening fountains of tears—making heart-strings quiver. Two short years ago our beloved friend, after a brilliant and self-earned College-course, as Valedictorian, bade farewell to our Alma Mater. Soon after, he sought in Minnesota fame and fortune ; these would have early rewarded his remarkable energy and perseverance, had not God willed otherwise. The characteristic of LEDUC's ripening manhood was nobleness. It was stamped on every lineament of his face—it was visible in every act—it attracted every heart—it crowned every friendship with truth—it embalms his memory. Sick but eighteen days, he died fully trusting in his Saviour's merits. A mother has lost a devoted son—friends a sympathizing heart—Kenyon a casket-jewel ; but the "mortal has put on immortality."

Another, who stayed with us a little while to quench his consuming thirst for knowledge, has sought angel-teachers. LIGGETT died as he had lived—manfully. What vivid illustrations of Scripture such as these ! "In the morning it is green, and groweth up ; but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered." "Man fleeth as it were a shadow." What striking commentaries on truths such as these—"In the midst of life we are in death." Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

WE would earnestly request our old friends to continue their endeavors, and forward from time to time their contributions. To all others who may feel any interest in the COLLEGIAN, particularly our College brethren and old graduates, we extend the hearty invitation to co-operate with us in the good work of advancing Kenyon's interests. We have made arrangements with our publisher to have the COLLEGIAN issued punctually on the first of each month, and our readers may rely upon it at that time.

WE have on our Table the June, July and August Nos. of the "Iowa Medical Journal"; the July and August Nos. of the "Yale Literary"; "Williams Quarterly" for June ; "Wabash Magazine" for July ; and "Georgetown College Magazine" for September.

**NEW BOOKS.**—We have received the following works for our *especial* and *attentive* review, viz : Upham's Mental Philosophy, 2 vols. ; Draper's Chemistry ; Woodbury's New Method with German ; Bagster's Greek and English Testament.